A NOCTURNE OF CHOPIN.

THE WRONG TRAP.

ton." The house is a great resort for

ward, Insanity ward, and Suiede ward.

NUMBER 30.

No proof of publication of legal advenuents will be made until our fee is settle

Announcing candidates for state and district offices, \$15; and for county offices, \$10. Marriages and deaths published free. Obitu-aries charged as advertisements.

ADVERTISING RATES.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS. THE Scientific American has found a roman eighty-three years of age who

A good little girl writes to the New tork Tribune: "Papa has given us hree cents a day for not sucking our humbs. We send one dollar for a

A GROWN-UP young lady of Minnesota, who ought to have entertained a higher sense of filial duty, has had the author of her being arrested and fined twelve dollars and a half for spanking her.

mill next day and he couldn't acco date the prisoner. Amone the numberless contradictions

dark, striking my elbows and chin on the edge of the open trap. they who are the most sensitive to the unbolted the wrong trap, and fallen other.

ONE who has tried it says that a cup of coffee is a sure barometer, if you allow the sugar to settle at the bottom of the cup, and watch the bubbles clowning in an amateur sort of way, and he volunteered to finish the harle-quinade, taking my place. After a very without assuming any fixed position, weather will be fine; if they adhere to rainy; and if the bubbles separate without assuming any fixed position, Duning the year 1874 more than 66,

000 steerage passengers left this country for Europe. Many of them, no doubt, took advantage of exceptionally low fares to visit their old homes, and have already returned, or will do so. More, however, are believed to have been driven away permanently by the hard times. The New York commissioner of emigration believes that about 44,000, or two-thirds of the whole number, intend to be permanent absentees. The revival of business will bring many of them back, and tens of thousands of new comers with them. THE Sandwich islands are twelve in

number, comprising in all a little over 6,000 square miles—about the size of Connecticut and Rhode island. Two-Connecticut and Rhode island. Two-thirds of this area belongs to the island of Hawaii, although Oahu is better known generally for its containing Hon-olulu, the capital city, which has about 16,000 inhabitants. The population of to be given up; and, secondly, because the whole group in 1872 was 56,897. It Mr. George Smithers, alias Signor To-mato, gave her up first. The harlequin habitants that there were 49,044 persons more constant attachment, and Tom from other European countries. The

beknownst to the old folks appears to be as spunky as she is beautiful. Alexis, it will be remembered, was sent to America that he might forget her, but while that plan cured the grand duke, it didn't appease his bride, who was sent that Count Shouvaloff was sent to treat with her. It was proposed that she should renounce all claim to the hand of Alexis, should change her name and disappear. In return for this service she would receive one million roubles down and an annuity of seventy-five survived her; but Mrs. Alexis wouldn't do it. She loved Alexis too much for

A correspondent of the Turf, Field and Farm tells how he trained an old cavalry horse to trot. He was accustomed to "lope," and could not be made to understand what was required of him, until a space of some 400 yards ridden across this. Whenever he broke point. If he trotted across without breaking he was petted, fed lumps of sugar, apples, or some other pleasant food. In this way he soon learned what

becoming a horse of unusual speed. A omewhat similar plan was some years one dollar. We refer to this now, not so much because of the desirability of knowing how to teach a horse to trot, as because the lesson taught can be applied in very many ways. Teaching any domestic of the greatest importance. If an ani-

imal knows that a specific duty is required, to be followed by rest or eward, it will much more readily do what is expected, than if it has no definite conception of wh t is before it,

APPER. CANTON MATI

Emmett L. Ross & Co., Proprietors.

VOLUME X.

CANTON, MISSISSIPPI, JANUARY 30, 1875.

versation. She endeavored to steer clear of the quicksands, but in trying to draw Uncle Paul into a conversation she precipitated just what she was so anxious to svoid.

Wind, and the sound of sea,
Heard in the night from star,
Spending itself on an unknown shore,
Feeling its way o'er an unseen floor,
Lighted by moon nor star;
Teiling a tale to the list'ning ear
Of wounds and woes that the rolling yea
Hath brought to the human heart;
Teiling of passion and innermost pain,
Sinking and swooning, and growing agai
As the wind and the waves take part;
Lifting a voice to the voiceless skies, Uncle Paul had sat quite still for said, "Suisie and I met such a strange As the wind and the waves take part;
Lifting a voice to the voiceless alies,
Panues of sorrow that pass into sighs,
Born of a secret despair;
Fluttering back on the clear tide of tone,
Gathering in force till the melody's grown,
Strong to interpret the accents unknown.
Haunting the dark fields of air;
Speaking the longings of life, the full soul's
Bidden desires in music that rolls,
Wave-like, in search of a shore:
Eddies of harmony, floating around,
Widen in circles of lessening sound,
Due in the distance, till silence is found,
And earth redemands us once more. looking, unhappy old man to-day."
"A what—that old man—beyond a

doubt a bad man." "Why, Uncle Paul, have you waked at last?" asked Mary. "I'm glad omething can fix your attention." Paul did not look as though he cared

curves worn deep by patient sorrow. ment Just as we passed he was saying: 'If I him, could only talk to him a minute, as if

ionally given, while Philip Hastings orphan who called him Uncle Paul.

He was blest with the best heart in the world, and possessed so many of the requisites of a good husband and father that it was a matter of great surprise of great surprise of the strange old man, while Uncle Paul grew uneasy at every word, until looking stupidly and vacantly at you—a surprise of the strange old man, while Uncle Paul grew uneasy at every word, until looking stupidly and vacantly at you—a finally he rose upon his feet and began battered hat, ragged clothes-you

dumfounded at the declaration. He raised both hands, as if the affrontery of the avowal had filled him with surpoured his drink.

least you do not know this old man's they did not know who it was. And as

denial, a denial which she hoped he would make, and she shared Paul "Every line and page of it, sir." ed to say, wait until I am ready alive, and if you—well, if he is your children are in rags, his home hasn't friend, if there is any community of a comfort, and if he'd only die folks

not be. He has given you his version,

found that he has told me the truth, I'll shoot myself!"
the whole truth and nothing but the Old Jim heard ev was baby Mary Dale who, at seventeen, called him Uncle Paul.

so earnest, so manly, that Mary was proud of her lover for having uttered it, and even the lines in Uncle Paul's face were softened, and he was almost wrong, when Philip resumed his story : public?

for Philip ate, I was about to risk my purse and and was thinking. Drink had cobbed was and its contents upon a single throw, him of his honest look, his frank tone, While we leave the lovers when a servant stumbled against me and his strength and skill, but it had no together enjoying a brief morning call, and we fell. As I stopped to aid him we will go out with Paul Wayne, and he whispered: 'I did it purposely. Play no more. Meet me outside door.' I withdrew from the game and his own honest, indepen company. He is always with that man met him, and he said: 'Your antagon- Shame came with memory. He had not got so low but words could strike him. back. I was ruined there; I used to the floors.' 'Why do you stay there I asked. 'I must eat and drink, and who will take me with a character from

there as my last place?""

Mary felt relieved, and her Paul said. "The servant was Quigley but he doubtless did not tell you that deserted wife, or gained on forged

did trust him and I have never had easion to regret my choice.

all," then went over to Mary and caugh her to his heart as if he would sh nore test and that will settle it beyond a doubt. Would you marry his daugh

"If I were not engaged and "-he stopped. Surprise was flushing Mary's face when Uncle Paul answered the ques tioning face before him. "There she is -yes, my ward, my more than child, is Quigley's daughter, given me by his de-Prove your sincerity in this man.

Uncle Paul hopped about the room as one possessed, dashing a tear from his

Quigley, by the aid of a gift left his by a dying relative, was enabled to pay those he had wronged in purse and with a lovely daughter to cares thing tangible to stand the wear and comfort his old age his was a happy end. We should never distrust the ability of any man for reformation and no one's repentance should be de

That evening there was an icy party at Uncle Paul's. Mary had been amusing oned songs," as Paul called them owing idea in regard to the proper way and the two were in the midst of these of treating the secrets of other people pleasures when Philip Hastings was anwhich accidentally come into our por sion : If you see a person drop a purse He had nowhere to go but to bed, and in the street, and you pick it up, of it was too early for that. Young ladies course you return it to him; or if you need not be told how really disagreeable could not give it back at once, you would keep it safely until you could do

He came up town last night to drink the old year out and the new year in. There are men who can remember when he had a cottage of his own; when he awhile, in a half-drowsy, brown study, but he awakened suddenly when Mary cat face: when his children went to est face; when his children went to Sunday-school and his wife was well clothed and carried a happy face. Old Jim found himself going down hill, and almost in a year he had changed from a hard-working, respectable man to a ragged, lazy sot, and no effort on stop his descent. His home went, his to listen, as Mary went on. "So old fortune went, good clothes and happy and feeble, and yet something telling faces disappeared, and wretchedness of better and happier days; in his face ment house on Beaubien street with

Do you remember when his child was house. Were you ever at the central station court when he was sent up for drunkenness or for beating his wife? "Where would you go to if you died? Have you never seen him sleeping his How does your record stand in heaven?" drunkenness or for beating his wife?

pacing the floor in an agitated way that surely must have met him at some time he could not conceal.

Old Jim meant to have a big drunk.

Mary watched her uncle for a few That was a good way to wind the old moments, surprised, and wondering what there was in the talk about a strange old man to agitate her dear old uncle. Philip said to her:

That was a good way to wind the old year up. He had been drunk thanksgiving—He had staggered home drunk Chrismas night, and when his boys were heard wishing that Santa Claus "Miss Wayne, the old man of whom had not passed them by, the father we have been 'talking is one entirely worthy of your sweet sympathy, and, in a word, is my best friend."

Uncle Paul haulted suddenly, utterly

became angered and beat them. The bar-keeper knew him as he entered the saloon and called for drinks. He had called there dozens of times before,

whether these agreed with subsequent prise and indignation too deep for extended, whether it suited pression.

"Tell me, Philip Hastings, that at and Old Jim was in the shadow, and as And as And as they drank their beer they spoke of the dying year, and of their resolves to break off some of their bad habits, and She leaned forward to catch Philip's finally one of them said :

> Drayton had cut his throat!"
> "It's good news, if true," said other. "No one will miss the old -not even his family. His wife and thought with him, why—well, I'm would feel like helping them. He's right, beyond a doubt. But there can-the lowest drunkard in Detroit!"

snd when I tell you all, you will cut didn't jump into the river," rejoined the other. "If I ever get as low and then he laid his hand on my arm and "Yes, Iv'e often wondered why he ragged and mean as Old Jim Drayton, Old Jim heard every word. If he had

children, his red face and watery eyes? Did men speak to each other of his degradation, his neglect of his familyready to acknowledge that he might be would his death be good news to the

"I spent last winter at New Orleans, "Do you want whisky or gin?" asked as you know. One night I visited a the bar-tender; but old Jim did not and we fell. As I stopped to aid him robbed him of his memory. He could go back over the decade his pleasant home, his happy family and Two or three other men came in, and while they were drinking one of ther

"Tan't that Old Jim Drayton ove there in the corner?" "Yes, that's the old sot," answere

"Wonder if he isn't going to swear of ha! ha! ha!" responded the third! The words stung old Jim again. They and he sprang out of his chair and ex-

"Yes, I am going to swear off!" "You swear off-you-ha! ha! ha

drunkard, and that I'm ragged and law,

"That's good !" they all laughed "biggest thing out! Old Jim Drayton swearing off—ha! ha! ha!"

"I will-with God's help, I will !" he replied, striking the bar with his fist. Their shouts of laughter followed him as he went out, but they strength ened his sudden resolution. He walked

directly home. He stopped for a mo ment at the gate and wondered why he had never before noticed how glooms and wretched and lonesome the old hotel looked. It was a fit home for drunkard and a wife-beater. He opened the gate, paused, then turned and to the grocery on the corner, and with the money he meant to get drunk on h purchased a few little toys for the children and returned and entered his desolate house. He stood in the door for an instant and looked around at the bare and battered walls, the bare floors the wretchedness and poverty. His wife crept away, fearing his drunken wrath. He knew what moved her, and t cut him like a knife.

closed the door and held out his hand 'I am not drunk to-night !" She slowly approached him, wing if drink had not crazed him. "Mary !" he said, as he clasped

"Oh, James!" she sobbed, right down in an instant, "They call me Old Jim Drayton;

She put her arms around his neck, but could not speak. "From to-night, as long as I live, I'll be James Drayton again—sober—steady

"Mary, come here!" he said, her hand, "I haven't drank a drop to

'm a sot; wonder why I didn't die; say can't reform;" he went on; "but I'm going to stop drinking-I have

undertook the task of directing the con- HOW OLD JIM DRAYTON "SWORE whispered as they were aroused from SCUPPERNONG GRAPES AND WINE. ing the day, about eighty degrees Fahtheir wretched beds. "No-no-he's sober-he's going be good again !" she sobbed. At midnight the voice of prayer broken by sobs, was heard in the old hovel, and Old Jim Drayton, kneeling at

his chair, said : "Mary-children-may heaven help me to be a better man !" So may it .- Detroit Free Press.

ONLY A POOR WOR'UM.

On the train, the other day, a very olemn-looking man, dressed in black and carrying a hat-box, came along and dropped into my seat.
"It is a fine day," I remarked, desir-

ing to be friendly.
"It is a fine day, but young man, how some old friend had refused him sympathy. Who could it have been, I
wonder? I pitied him."

Do you remember when his child was is it with your soul?" he replied, rolling up his eyes and looking still more solhouse. Were you ever at the central. is it with your soul?" he replied, rolling

> I told bim that I was jogging along peacefully-like, paying my debts, saving a little money, and dropping something into the contribution box as it passed "That won't do-ah," he said, as he

> "you're a sinner, ah, a baneful sinner. There is no mansion laid up for you in the land beyond the skies-ah. Do you ever pray-ah?" "Once in a great while," I told him

"The devil is in your heart-ah," he went on. "You pray not, neither do you sing. Like a flower you shall be cut down, and the stem shall wither and decay, and be seen no more among the "What would you advise me to do?

I asked, feeling a little weak. "I am but a poor worm myself," answered meekly, "like unto a puny

"Only a poor struggling wor'um,

am trying to do my appointed work. Away over the sea, in Africa, millions are living in ignorance and vice, knowing nothing of heaven, having no good in their hearts, living like the beast of the field. In my poor humble way, I am trying to save a few benighted heathens, trying to redeem a few souls."

"In what particular way?" I inquired "Partly by my prayers, and partly by collecting money and buying Bibles to ship them, that they may have the word of life,"

"Young man, the Lord loveth

cheerful giver! Out of your abund-

bill and give me back \$19,95, and he We rode on in silence for nile, and then he took a string from his pocket, laid it on his knee in a way to nake two separate loops in it, and then

"Young man, thou art a sinner, and hou wilt not freely contribute ause of the benighted." "Which the same is true,

"On the part of the heathen and my ause, I desire to bet thee five to three hat thou canst not put thy finger in the loop that will catch," he said, smiling sweetly.

orty times," I answered. "Solely on account of the benighte that thou canst not locate the joker," he went on, producing three thimbles

ears," I replied, turning away with a "Then you are willing that the heathe

shall struggle on like the beasts of the field and birds of the air," he asked, putting up his thimble. "Yes, truly," I answered. "'Tis sad that one so young should

e so sinful," he murmured, and went to the other end of the car, and suceeded in fleecing an old man out of \$34 and a watch on the check gamefor the cause of the heathen in Africa

Hotel Improvements

The San Francisco Post writes of the ew Palace hotel in that city: "The Palace will be unquestionably a hotel rovement will be ignered in its conovelty adopted is the introduction of n automatic fire alarm apparatus in every room in the building. The ineaches above a certain degree the apparatus will be affected and will transmit ward to the fire indicator in the office, so that there can be no delay in suppressing the blaze. Three watchmen will be required to constantly ne different stations and walking two and three-quarter miles in their rounds. At each station will be located an electrical apparatus which will register the time the watchman visited it. These will thus act as tell-tales on the watchoan, showing whether he is attending to his business or not. A large electrical clock is to be placed in the main office. Dials in electrical communicato the number of 116 throughout the ouilding. There will be a dial recording the time at the end of every passage way. An electrical lighting apparatus will also be among the features of the interior. This will be on the same sysem as that in use in the California theatre. Only the chandeliers in the lining-rooms and the lamps in the corridors will be lighted by the electric urners in all will be lighted in thi

cany persons are sailly wanting. Comon sense implies sound perception,

Views of Colonel Martin, of Gadsden. Sin-Agreeably to the request of the fruit growers' association, I berewith forward you my views on the cultivation of the Scuppernong and manufacture of

I prefer a light sandy loam not to rich-with clay subsoil. Our high pine ridges, with good natural drainage, is as good as is required. A southern exposure or side hill is not necessary. My vineyards are on the highest point in the state, being three hundred and fifty feet above the level of the sea; and find the grapes larger, ripen earlier, and elsewhere.

PLANTING AND CULTIVATING. The land should be cleared of all trees and the grass and trash burned off before any vines are planted. I planted my vines thirty-five feet apart each way, but I am now satisfied that the better way is to plant forty feet spart, and then plant another row between, breaking joints—that is, not in line with the others, but half between. By this means double the amount of grapes are vines begin to lock, this last row should be cut out giving all the space to the

ones first planted.

Assuming that a wire arbor is to be used, the posts should be set up before the vines are planted, as in digging the holes for them when the arbor is being on the south side of the posts as fellows : Dig a hole about four feet square and two feet deep, throwing the surface soil on one side and the bottom soil on the other; and then fill up the hole about one foot with good surface soil; draw it off again. It should now be about one foot with good surface soil; on top of this put six inches of good compost (I used swamp muck, bones,

than the surrounding ground.

If a wooden arbor is to be used, the the muddy wine and lees should be put posts need not be set up until the vines in one or more barrels and allowed are ready to arbor, but a stake is set settle until clear, when the clear wine close to the vine, so as to have some- is again drawn off. Good authoritie thing to train it to. When it is at state that a fine brandy can be distilled

those put the rails or slats. As the vine grows add more posts and extend the arbor. I use wire for my arbor, believing it to be better and cheaper in the end-better because it requires less posts, gives more room uniformly; cheaper, because when once done it is done for a life-time.

as breath of the dying mother, and it is not a bad one. The old man Quiglast breath of the dying mother, and it is not a bad one. The old man Quiglast breath of the dying mother, and it is not a bad one. The old man Quiglast breath of the dying mother, and it is not a bad one. The old man Quiglast breath of the dying mother, and it is not a bad one. The old man Quiglast breath of the dying mother, and it is not a bad one. The old man Quiglast breath of the dying mother, and it is not a bad one. The old man Quiglast breath of the dying mother, and it is not a bad one. The old man Quiglast breath of the dying mother, and it is not a bad one. The old man Quiglast breath of the dying mother, and it is not a bad one. The old man Quiglast breath of the dying mother, and it is not a bad one. The old man Quiglast breath of the dying mother, and it is not a bad one. The old man Quiglast breath of the dying mother, and it is not a bad one. The old man Quiglast breath of the dying mother, and it is not a bad one. The old man Quiglast breath of the dying mother, and it is not a bad one. The old man Quiglast breath of the dying mother, and it is not a bad one. The old man Quiglast breath of the dying mother, and it is not a bad one. The old man Quiglast breath of the dying mother, and it is not a bad one. The old man Quiglast breath of the dying mother, and it is not a bad one. The old man Quiglast two years the object is to of the benighted. Even though you as much wood as possible, hence
the data glass of whisky down he'd have
leaped up and cursed them, but he was
sober—as sober as he had ever been for
the whote truth
truth. When men assume a character
it is not a bad one. The old man Quiglast two years the object is to
of the benighted. Even though you
are not a good Christian, your good act
with well-rotted manure, forked in able to find a
last two years the object is to
of the benighted. Even though your
and understoned in the object is to
of the benighted. Even though your
and o sufficient to keep the vine in a healthy, growing condition. Bone dust, oak ashes, or anything that will furnish potash, is the best.

The ground between the vines can ultivated in other crops until it is shaded by the vines. I could not, however, recommend corn or oats, but swee tatoes, cotton, strawberries, mulberry. rnips, etc., always being careful no the ground is kept clean and sufficiently

nured for the vines as they extend. THE YIELD. From the best information I have re seived, and from my own experience, a the fact that lovely girls will wield the vine three years old that has been care- razor and "run the machine." fully cultivated and manured will yield three pecks of grapes. Vines planted forty feet apart will cover the whole ground in ten years. An acre of vines and 700 bushels of grapes. A bushel of establishment will be "a quartah of a ripe Scuppernong grapes will yield at dollah, if you pleathe thir." Of course, east three gallons of must or juice.

ons of must or juice to the acre on vines fully grown, or, rather, vines twenty knows when the Scuppernong is fully grown. If it is properly manured or arbored, there is no knowing how far it

GATHERING THE GRAPES. I think the better way is to put frame on a wagon body. On this frame diameter in the centre of it; drive under the arbor, shake the vines with a forked stick, and let the grapes roll through the sperture in the cloth into the wagon body. When sufficient is gathered for a load, drive to the press; have a shute, say two feet wide and twenty feet long; place one end at or in a barrel on the ground; throw in the grapes at the top end, they will roll down into the barrel; the leaves and trash will remain in the shute; brush them out and throw in more grap

In this way three hands and a two horse team can gather an immen mount of grapes in a day. Care should be taken to throw away the hard, green and unripe grapes, and not to get too heavy a body of grapes in the wagor at one time, or they will get crushed MAKING THE WINE,

As "in making bare soup, it is nece sary to first catch the hare," so in makng wine, it is necessary first to get your grapes. Assuming that you have done his, let us proceed to make the wine. And here I wish to mention that it is of the utmost importance that every vessel connected with the making of win should be perfectly clean and sweet There should be a full supply of water so that the tubs, barrels, etc., can be parrels or casks in which the grapes are to be fermented should be all ready or the stands, a sufficient height from the floor to permit a barrel lying on its side to set under it. Set the mill on the top of the barrel in which the grapes are to be fermented, and grind away until the barrel is full, then move the mill to the next barrel, and so on to the end. The length of time the must is left to ferment on the hulls depends or the state of the atmosphere. In such weather as we have here in the latter will, and performs with ease and pleaspart of September and beginning of ure all the work that, as a mechanism October, when the thermometer is, dur- it is capable of doing.

renheit, twenty-four hours is about the right time. The must will then have essived a sufficient amount of coloring matter, boquet and tannin. When it is ready to be drawn off, pull out the peg at the bottom of the barrel and let the must ran off, but when quick work is required it will not pay to wait. As soon as the must ceases to run freely, it is best to stop it and put the hulls in

ressed out immediately.

When the season has been dry there s more saccharine matter in the grapes than when the season has been moist or rainy, hence the must requires more sugar some seasons than others.

My way of doing is to raise the must

to ninety degrees on Oschles scale; this gives a wine sufficiently sweet to please were artists of a very humble s the average consumer. Having added he sugar, put the must in the barrels or casks in which it is to ferment. straining it through two or three thick- and the weeks of January and February. nesses of mosquito net; place them in the cellar, put one end of a syphon in the bung, closely sealed, the other end in a vessel of water, so that the gas can clown; his name was Pudson, and he escape without permitting the air to too had a nom de theater, calling himget to the must. As soon as the gas self Little Puddikins. ceases to cause the water to bubble freely, take out the syphon and close the barrel, having first filled the barrel filled, room of the "City of Lushingto within about three inches of the ton" was that night empty-entered

bung. The bung should not be left quite on top, but a little to one side, so that the wine will be against it, thus had shared in the frolics of many a put up the roots are liable to be in-ured. Having set the posts in their sooner the barrel is closed, without dan-The harleoninade. ured. Having set the posts in their places, about two feet in the ground and places, about two feet in the ground and harrel exhibits signs of bursting bore a "And how has muck gone what your saked Pudson, after some talk together."

"And how has muck gone what your saked Pudson, after some talk together."

"Fairly for the time of year," angimlet hole near the bung. Let the gas swered the harlequin. "I have taken blow off and close the hole immediately. About the first of January draw off the wine into clean, sweet barrels. and

ready for market. Care should be taken, when putting well rotted oak leaves and oak ashes); the barrels on the stand, to have the on top of this put a couple of inches of end in which the faucet is put lower rich surface soil; then plant the vine, leaving the surface over it a little lower wine without disturbing the lees. When equal distances from the vines, and on from the lees; but I have no experi ence in the matter,

entirely.

"Is that your girl?"

Hightalian, I suppose?"

my own wicked animosity-the conse-

vinter when Smith ars and I engaged

paying addresses - Mary Morris by

ne-was engaged for columbine.

pleasure, and going up to her I said

"So she is," she answered.

"No-columbine.

should like to know?"

speak to you," I said.

e careful."

"Go on."

"I don't want to speak

Lorini?

'Mary, my dear, this is good luck;

"What, then, are you to be? Harle

quin, or some nonsense of that sort?

I stared at her, utterly ignorant of

"Don't you know," she went on

that my professional name is Lora

"But, Smithers," I cried-"Smither

laims Lora as his girl? Surely, Mary,

on have not been playing both of n

"His girl, indeed! Neither his no

ours, if it comes to that, unless you

seep a civil tongue in your head. Can't

girl have more than one admirer, l

She may have a dozen admirers, bu

she cannot have more than one plighted

Mary turned on her heel and flounced

off. I noticed during the rehearsal

now she devoted herself exclusively to

Smithers, while I got never a word

There came a bitter, gnawing pain at

my heart at being treated so-a hunger

a time I had it in my mind to stick my

clasp-knife into his throat; but the at

empt was too risky: it might have

ailed, and I should infallibly get ar-

I brooded over a subtler revenge; but

first I took Mary aside. "I want to

"No follies this is a weighty may

be revenged on him and her. Many

over, if she has any sense of dec

nr common au."

Lorini."

From personal observation I am sat-isfied that the Scupperneng ripens two weeks earlier here than in North Caro lina—said to be its home. Our grapes in gathering the grapes, allows a much are fuller, and I think, sweeter. As a better circulation of air through the vines, does not collect so much dead leaves and trash, and the grapes more wine grape, I would not recommend any of the black Scuppernong—I think the wine insipid and not marketable. Parties in North Carolina tell me that they find it difficult to get a market

older than the vintage of 1873. I have I may be about again; but I shall never not advertised it or made extraordinary be fit for the clown's business any more, efforts to bring it into notoriety, yet I This misery and suffering I brought upon myself; it has been the result of find ready sale for it at \$2.25 per gallon.

Florida Agriculturist. Female Barbers in Cincinnati.

quence of a jealousy which urged me into crime. I will tell you how it came A report came into our office last night that there will soon be opened in the old church, south side of Sixth street, for the pantomime. To my surprise, found that the girl to whom I had be between Walnut and Vine, a new bar ber shop. Now, the simple ment of a new barber shop among us particular barber shop (to be) on Sixth some sweetheart of lus named Lora street will not be an ordinary one, from Lorini was going to take that part. The sight of Mary was an unexpected

Rumor says these girls have been espeically trained for their responsible positions, and that they manipulate the razor with all the abandon of veterans. The price for a "square shave" at tha that's a big price you know now, but when a man wants a rare article he mu expect to pay for it. Just remembe ooks if they are unfair in price. They either will they have two-inch finger sails stuffed with the soils of seve ounties. Moreover, they will chuck you under the chin with their soft shubby hands, if you are a real nice

the city. They will lose custom as sure as that female - church - shaving - shop opens. Of course married men will slip around to that shop sometimes, and then there will be trouble in Gotham We have detailed a special reporter work up all the domestic broils and which will surely emanate from that new institution—that sharp-shooting. shoulder-shifting, shampooing, shingling, shearing and shaving shop .- Cin-

A " Dark" Seauce

The St. Louis Republican says : "I vas a rather queer sight to see a dog brin ing a man's hand into the house their own dog and their own house to They were colored people, Jack and Harriet Miller, and they lived in the ear of ghosts and hobgoblins. Of course, they were much frightened. The and was black and it looked like the and of fate. The dog lay down in the orner by the fire and commenced gnawing. Jack picked up the ugly thing and threw it out into the gutter-o tried to-but the hand just floated away and up until it seemed to join a body aspended in the air, and then the thumb sought the nose, and the fingers commenced gyrating, indicating that all was well up there, and then the form disappeared and left the darkies in a state of profuse perspiration. That is the way that some spirit of darkness materialized itself for Jack and Harrie Miller, and crowds have since visited their house and seen them, and the dog and the window, and the gutter, but never a squint of any wonder as big as

he second night of the pantomime. At has been so trained in his youth that the fall of the curtain I sought out smithers, and said, "See here, G orge I've thought of a hit of business in that scene before the barber's shop. I get hold of your wand ; you stand there so rior

-now do the shivery-shaky business while I tickle you up with it. Now you In the vicinity of Drury Lane theater regain it-force me back-and I fall stands a hostlery which boasts the nto a huge pot of bear's grease." curious sign of the "City of Lushing Smithers agreed. What deep design inderlay this fooling? You will see. actors and for those genial owners of

The next night, just before the scen open hearts and straitened pockets who glory in belonging to the order of Antediluvian Buffaloes, The chief was to be enacted which we had planned I stole down under the stage, and un bolted a trap on the spot where I inroom of the inn is the meeting-room of tended Smithers should stand. In the the Buffaloes. It is divided into midst of his harlequin play, I resolved "wards," so-called, and these divisto push him on this pitfall that he might ions have lugubrious titles-Poverty precipitate himself down, and break his limb or his neck.

A moral underlies this labelling of the Cautiously I stole back again, and our evils which follow the abuse of good interlude commenced. After allowing him to quiver and wr ggle in his spangles while I shook the baton over him, I placed my hand on his chest, and One evening in October two comedian met under the shadow of Insanity ward oushed him on to the snare. were artists of a very humble stamp-He did not fall! To my amazement pantomimists who picked up a living in strolling fashion during the summer, he trap held.

Unsuspectingly Smithers then repos-sessed himself of the wand, and pushed me back. With a sadden grasp and cry, I felt myself plunging down in the dark striking my allows and chin on the edge of the open trap.

I lay there under the stage with a broken leg and fractured ribs. I had

into my own enare. The audience, as I heard afterwards, clapped and laughed, ascribing my disappearance to a con-cocted part of the business. An apology had to be made. Luckily for the manager, a fellow happened to be in the ompany who was accustomed to go short delay, filled up with dancing, he was ready for his business.

They took me to the hospital, and here I have lain for weeks and weeks. a ballot troupe on a tour through the

second-rate towns, and done pretty What my feelings have been in the long night-watches I can never describe. The remorse, the consciousness how well I have deserved the doom I inthere at the circuses, and taking a turn now and then at the music-halls. That tended for another, the bitter repent-ance when George Smithers came to my bedside full of kindly solicitude, and I pays best of all. I have a good mind to cut a pantomime and go in for that durst not confess then, though I will "Not just yet, any way. You are confess, please God, when I have reengaged for the Forum, aren't you?" asked the harlequin. gained my strength—he shall know all. But all this alternation of sorrow, re-"Not yet, but I expect to be," replied gret, and self-reproach, of desperate doubt, and wild prayers for forgiveness, "I am, and so is my little woman." s only known to heaven and me. It "Confound it !" ejaculated Pudson "I hoped to get Mary in there," has been a bitter passage, but it has done me good. I am calmer now. If I "But Lore has got it. She's to b get better I shall give up all thoughts of Mary, and resign her to one who never assailed a fellow-creature's life. "That's mine, Lora with an o, not

Tom Padson, however, did not give "Oh," said the clown, reflectively up Mary-first, because Mary declined "She passes for a Hightalian, but she's English. She's billed as Lora Lorini."

The two friends shook hands and parted as the "City of Lushington"

was a gay spark, who soon tired of s fancy, and a new face drove Mary out origin, 1,938 Chinese, 889 American, of his heart. So Mary returned to a 619 English, and the remainder hailed I am lying here on this bed helpless.

I am lying here on this bed helpless.

They are now doing pretty well; for the same latitude as Cuba. spoiled, he has taken to singing his wife in the music halls, and prospers comfortably.

The Two Republics. Among the many important en orises now tending to the growth and commercial prosperity of the United States, the projected line of railway connecting us with the republic of Mexico can be looked upon as one of the most timely and desirable. In a commercial point of view alone this road will be of very great benefit. The prohad understood from Smithers that posed line of road will require the some sweetheart of lus named Lora building of only 1,165 miles of railway in all to unite the railway systems of the United States and Mexico. The construction of three intermediate secions of 285 miles from Rockdale to the that, and so matters stand at present, Rio Grande, of 600 miles from the Rio Grande to Leon, and 270 miles from the city of Mexico to Leon, and a line of railway communication from New York to the capital of Mexico is secured. The Mexican congress has already approved a contract with a mixed Mexican and English company that will secure the prompt construction of the road from the city of Mexico to Leon. A tween the Mexican government and the he was scolded, at once turned about International railroad company of Texas and again started from the starting for the construction of a road from Leon to the Rio Grade, there to connect

> with the International railroad of Texas. and thus with the entire railroad system of the United States. By means of was wanted, and made every effort to this road communication will be established between all the principal centers United States and Mexico. Two nations since set forth in a circular and sold at until by common interests will by this road be afforded means of making an interchange of a mutually profitable commerce and strengthening those ties racted condition of things on the Texas animal what is expected of them is one order. From Louisville to the Rio Grande, at the point where the proposed injunction of the United State fexican line of railways is to take place, the distance is but 1241 miles,

the many rich products of the tropics. Courier Journal. Seven Churches in One. Charles Warren Stoddard, writing

and the completion of this read place

us within but a few hours' travel o

"I ask you if you love George St rs better than you do me?" "Lor', Tom, how do I know?" You must know the state of e's a beautiful dancer, and he's so " Better than me?" "You see, my poor Tom, he has many

dvantages over you." "Go," I replied grinding my teeth, these advantages shall be short-lived. And this time it was I who turned or my heel and left her.

rom Balogna, Italy, says : "San Ste fano is in reality seven churches in one

er," I retorted sternly. "Listen and These seven churches are so dependen upon one another that if you were to take away any one of the same I believe the other six would fall to pieces. They are as closely knit as a honeycomi You go up stairs and down stairs and such suddenness that it is thoroughly confusing. Then the doors that open ont of them lead into different streets There are small courts thrown in amongst them for breathing places, and there are altars and shrines in the courts; there are frescoes, mosaics, and moral paintings and sarcophagi, containcient pillars with sntique ionic capitals, and venerable attars with quaint, rud sculptures of winged beasts as sacriflees. There is the tomb of St. Petro nius, in imitation of the holy sepulchre at Jerusalem. A guide led me through never have found my way out ale

"Never, perhaps," writes a Paris co.

respondent, "has woman looked more lovely than at the present moment, when not a puff is seen (in high life) to disguise the exquisite symmetry of woman's natural shape. Those long plain skirts are wondrously becoming, fitting tightly round the body as they do, and falling straight down, displaying the hips in all their beauty; and then falling in a long, narrow train at the back. It is the poetry of dress-the dress sung by poets and chiseled by the sculptor's desses-not as you see them in burto us. Heavy materials are still made with the large quarduple plait at the back, whilst light materials are partly covered with flounces, whilst the skirt is tied well back by a scarf, which surrounds the body like the scarf of the Maid of Athens. Moyen age bodies are still worn, only they are lorger than they were last year; they now are worn equally with high and low bodies, and for the street as well as for the drawing-room. If they continue to increase in length, dresses will soon b all body and no skirt,"

BEYOND A DOTTET Paul Wayne was a bachelor of fortye. Not one of the wayward, noma-sort, but who occupied a splendid use and took excellent care of an rphan who called him Uncle Paul. it was a matter of great surprise ng his friends that he remained sin-Those who knew him best rightly traced his single blessedness to his own fault, a most wonderful obduracy and

unwillingness to give up an impression once fully entertained. This characteristic injured him in his business affairs too, but those with whom he had business differences attributed it to what, Young girls do not generally like a lover who is not the least bit pliable. of the conquering spirit to be recog-nized. Paul Wayne's lordly way of wooing, a way which to his lady friends

and I have only to name the day, brought him at least one ridiculous jilt, but to it all he only said, as he put the girl out of his memory, "She will regret it, beyond a doubt." Mary Dale did regret it; for she mar-ried a man who broke her heart by brutal treatment, and deserted her while she lay helplessly sick with a pirl-baby on her bosom. The girl-

gaming table and was induced to play. the bar-tender; but old Jim did not hear him. He had leaned back against play the proper moment, too, for Philip Hastings, the "bad man," was about to risk my purse and and was thinking. Drink had other

They passed, Paul Wayne looking not resist the curiosity to look back, and their eyes met. It was awaward, but only for an instant, the bachelor

ment. But the poorget but few words, and these not kindly ones; I will let treaded his way among the throng of men bearing strange faces. He had been tranger paused in his walk, and said only talk to him a moment." The half ight-hearted girls who were passing, his arms and saved her from falling. the face of the younger as both turned to look at the speaker, and we recognize our Uncle Paul's Mary. Not a beyond a doubt." superbly handsome girl with oriental eyes and the soft, sensuous languor of